

WATCHMAN TELL US OF THE NIGHT,
— A —
FAVORITE SACRED
SONG AND TRIO,
— WRITTEN —

— by —

BOWRING,

— Composed and Arranged —

— by —

WILLIAM CLIFTON.

Louisville: Peters, Browning & Co., No 1 & 2 Apollo Row, Third St., between Market and Jefferson St.
Wholesale and Retail.

VOCE

Moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The first system shows the voice part with a whole rest followed by four measures of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (p) dynamic and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the piano accompaniment, with the right hand playing a more complex melodic line and the left hand providing harmonic support. The score concludes with a double bar line.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1837, by
Thomas Birch, in the Clerk's office of the District Court, of the Southern District of New York.

Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are,

p

Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo . . . ry beam . ing star;

sf

Watchman, does its beauteous ray, Aught of hope, or joy fore . tel,

mf

Trav'ler, yes it brings the day, Prom . is'd day of Is . . ra . el.

p *sf*

TRIO.

Primo. Watch . . man, yes it brings the day, Prom . . is'd

Secondo. Watch . . man, yes it brings the day, Promis'd

Bass. Watch . . man, yes it brings the day, Prom . . is'd

Moderato. *mf* *f*

day of Is . . . ra . el.

day of Is . . . ra . el.

day of Is . . . ra . el.

2

Watchman, tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends,
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends;
Watchman, will its beams alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth,
Trav'ler, ages are its own,
See it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav'ler, ages &c.

3

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn,
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn;
Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home,
Trav'ler, lo the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come.
Trav'ler, lo &c.

